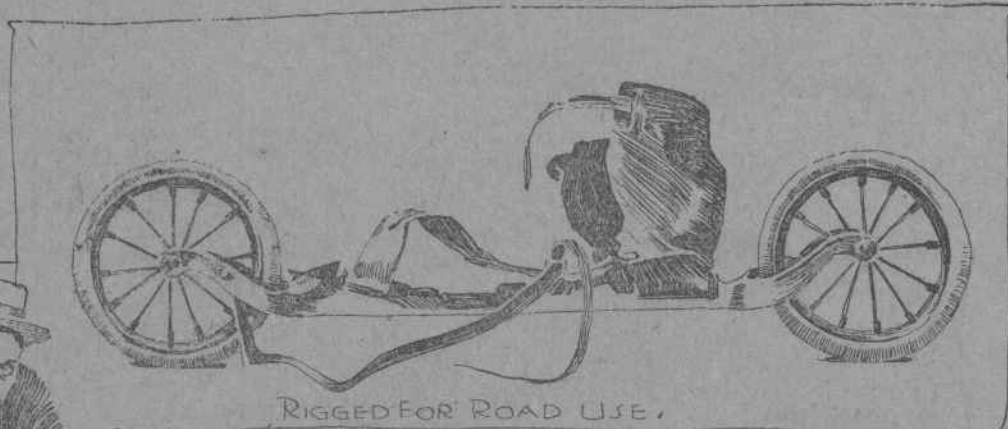


## WILL THE BICYCLE SKATE OUST THE BICYCLE?

Remarkable Speed Trials on the Cushion-Tired Wheels by Earle Reynolds, the World's Champion Skater.

## FAST, FASTER, FASTEST, On the Wings of the Whirring Wheels.



The New Bicycle Skate  
and Some  
Wonderful Feats with  
It by The  
Fastest Skater in  
The World.



AT FULL SPEED



OUTER EDGE



BOULEVARD STRIDE



COASTING

"He is the fleetest thing, of human shape and amateur rating, that ever buckled a skate strap over his toe."

"And now this master skater is testing the bicycle skates, which he declares are to supersede the bicycle."

"The most striking thing about the skate is the perfect adjustment of the ball bearings. One of the little wheels, once started free, will spin until further notice."

"I believe," he said, "that they furnish a healthier form of exercise than the bicycle. They are more convenient."

Is the bicycle doomed? Has its successor already come?

Is the "wheel" of the future to be merely a bicycle or a pair of bicycles strapped to the feet of the rider?

The two canny Scotchmen Robert and George Anderson, of Edinburgh, who invented the bicycle skates, thought they had merely devised a toy, a curiosity, a thing with which to tickle for an hour the fancy of the millions who dote on everything akin to the "bike."

Upon their advent to America the bicycle skates could have reached no more competent hands—or feet—than those of the lithe, lean youth who day after day whisks along on them over the smooth, gleaming reaches of up-town asphalt, leaving whole trains of more or less lumbering wheelmen puffing and humping in his wake.

Earle Reynolds was a skater from the hour of his birth. He was born to be the world's champion on runners—and rollers, too. He is the fleetest thing, of human shape and amateur rating, that ever buckled a skate strap over his toe. In the roller skating seasons of 1884, 1885 and 1888, throughout the United States and Canada, he won 112 out of 123 starts. After proving himself a wonder at sprint running and a demerit at hockey-polo he took up ice skating, and last Winter showed his swift heels to the greatest skaters of the world in the international championships.

He has created world's records for all sorts of skating. Here are the figures:

On rollers—Quarter of a mile, 39 seconds; half mile, 1:21.3-5; one mile, 2:41.1-3.

On ice—Fifty yards, 5.15 seconds; hundred yards, 8.25 seconds; 250 yards, 17.3-5; 500 yards, 38.3-5; half mile, 1:14.4-5; mile, 2:03.2-5; two miles, 5:40. All these from standing starts.

And now this master skater is testing the bicycle skates, which he declares are to supersede the bicycle. The pair which were sent to him by the Andersons are, he says, cumbersome, compared with what the improved article will be.

The skate—each one weighs two pounds—consists of a thin bar of brass, with a fork at either end, in which the wheels, six inches in diameter, are set. The rims are of steel, and the tires of cushion rubber. The pneumatic tire, it is conceded, is out of the question, as the pressure upon them is largely lateral. The skates are equipped with straps for ordinary road use, but these Reynolds has removed and attached the regulation racing shoes firmly to the plates with rivets. The upward curve at each end of the skate serves the double

purpose of accommodating a larger wheel and bringing the foot nearer to the ground, thus facilitating locomotion, on the same principle as the lowering of the crank hanger in a bicycle.

The most striking thing about the skate is the perfect adjustment of the ball bearings. One of the little wheels, once started free, will spin until further notice. The improved skates are to be made lighter than the present form. The pair will weigh three pounds.

When Reynolds first donned the strange, miniature bicycles, and with a long, strong, graceful stride swept up Fifth avenue to One Hundred and Tenth street, men and women stared at him as the savages of San Salvador did at Columbus. Faster and faster the pace grew. Twice in the course of his journey to One Hundred and Tenth street well-meaning policemen tried to stop him, but he sped along, swift and still and smiling. Behind him, like the tail of a comet, the cinders came. If they could all have kept pace with him, which he refuses to believe, the fear of arrest kept them from buckling down to the work, and he led the procession, uninterrupted, for there is no law on the statute books that forbids skating on bicycle skates at any rate of speed you may fancy.

Whatever may be the ultimate speed possibilities of the bicycle skates, Champion Reynolds is convinced that they will, after some essential improvements shall have been made, supplant the wheel in a great measure, for ordinary purposes of travel and exercise.

"I believe," he said yesterday, as he rested after a series of lucrative evolutions on the asphalt about the Park entrance, "that they furnish a healthier form of exercise than the bicycle. They are more convenient. They are as comfortable to travel on, over a country road, as a bicycle. It was a wet morning when Reynolds first started out to make any trial of speed for conventional racing distances, and he slipped at the start of the 100 yards; but even after that pulled it off in 31 seconds. The 220 yards he covered in 20 seconds, the quarter-mile in 40, the half in 1:21, the mile in 2:44.

On the second day's trials, and with a tandem pace-maker, he cut down the time a second for the 220, seven seconds for the half-mile, and 21.5 seconds for the mile. Then he turned off two miles in 5:40. So day after day, as he grew more accustomed to the new form of locomotion, he kept knocking seconds off the time. They can be easily put on and taken off, and when you remove them, to cross a stream, or go into a shop, you take them under your arm or throw them over your shoulder. Then you've got 'em. No curbstone thief can come along and lug them off while you are transacting business indoors."

"What about covering distances?" "Well, I went fourteen miles this morning, over various sorts of going, in fifty-four minutes, and didn't tire myself."

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## WHAT AN X-RAY FOUND IN A TOURIST'S HANDBAG.

A further development in the use of X-rays for the prevention of smuggling is announced. Again it is an ingenious Frenchman who has helped to make the life of the smuggler more hopeless than ever.

It is now possible to examine a trunk, bag, or other article belonging to a traveler without even taking it into a dark room. It can be examined on the benches where baggage is commonly placed in French custom houses and control stations.

This feat is accomplished by means of the so-called "hermetic humbug," the invention of M. Gaston Segur. This is a portable camera, the glass of which is replaced by a fluorescent screen. The



An Actual Photograph of the Contents of a Valise, Discovered by the X-Rays in a French Custom House. (FROM ILLUSTRATION.)

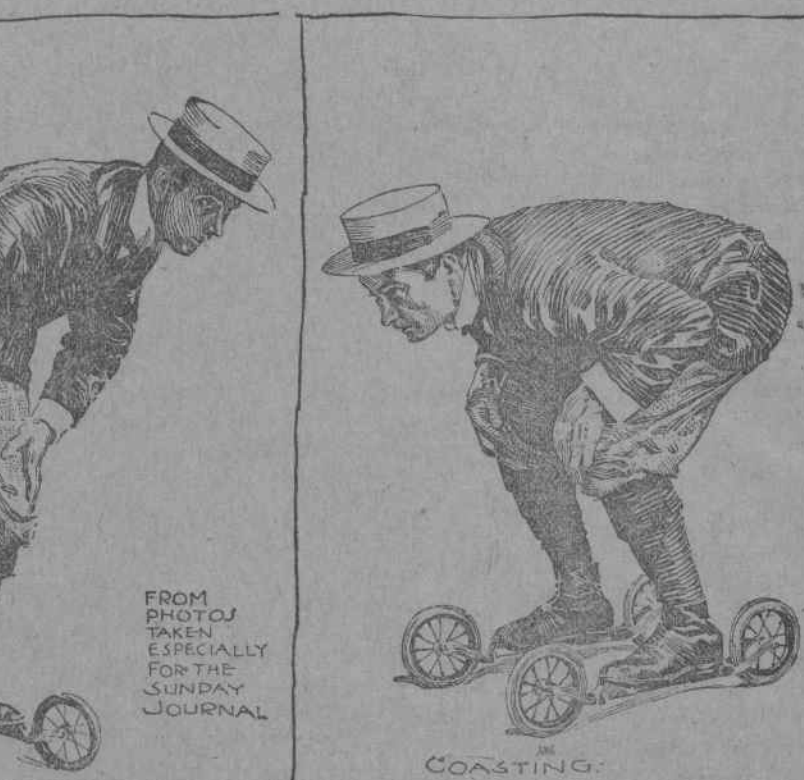
Crookes tube producing the X-rays is placed on one side of the trunk. The customs inspector goes to the opposite side with his long-gaiter and gets a pretty good idea of the contents of it.

A radiograph just taken at Havre tells the story. It shows a large valise. The rays pass easily through the leather and the iron frame work comes out in strong contrast. Among the contents of the valise you see very distinctly a revolver, a bottle, a pair of eyeglasses, three keys and a case of shaving and other toilet articles. The rays may not tell the inspector everything that is in a trunk, but they inform him if the contents are other than the traveler stated them to be, and that is where the smuggler gets caught.

"No punctures,  
no repairs,  
and you can  
travel on them  
with the speed  
of a comet,  
and the  
law can't touch  
you."

## OUR MONKEY HOSPITAL IN CENTRAL PARK.

Where the Sick Simians of High and Low Degree  
Are Treated at the "Zoo," Just as if They  
Were Human Beings.



FROM PHOTOS  
TAKEN  
ESPECIALLY  
FOR THE  
SUNDAY  
JOURNAL

If you would see in real life exactly what is meant by the phrase "a sick monkey," you should visit the zoological section of Central Park, enter the lower floor of the Armory building and seek out the secluded cage near the south door, which is set aside as "the monkey hospital."

All of the animals and birds in the Park collection are more or less subject to illness that call for medical, sometimes for surgical, and often for dental attention. Teeth are drawn and filled, blisters are applied, cathartics and febrifuges administered in simple cases by the experienced keepers, and in more serious affairs of the health by a practicing physician.

It is the monkeys, however, that make a hospital necessary, and the roomy cage set aside for that purpose is seldom without its occupants, on some occasions as many as a dozen. The small monkeys of South America, that are brought from the Brazilian forests and equatorial states, as well as from the states on the Caribbean, are to a creature peculiarly susceptible to pulmonary troubles, and tuberculosis sooner or later overtakes the simian in captivity. This makes the isolation of the invalid or his removal from his healthier comrades inevitable as soon as the symptoms of consumption appear.

The larger apes, mandrills, dog monkeys, chimpanzees and baboons are all susceptible to lung troubles on account of the change in climate, but as they are of great value they are carefully looked after and enjoy every benefit of proper food and sanitation. The health of Johanna is, for instance, as jealously guarded as that of an heir apparent to a throne, but she will eventually join her mate, Mr. Crowley, in a glass showcase at the Museum of Natural History, and her biographer will write: "Died of phthisis pulmonalis."

Amusing as the monkey always is in his movements, the most frolicsome of the tribe wear at all times an expression of deep seated melancholy and dejection. When the monkey is ailing this is especially intensified a hundred-fold. The sick monkey moans. He seeks a secluded corner, huddles himself together and looks out upon the world with listless eyes. He declines to come to the bars and grasp the proffered peanuts or candied popcorn in children's hands. The poor little creature crouches with evident pain, holding a paw upon the racked chest, and often tears roll down their black and wrinkled muzzles.

They have their good and their bad days, and are very sensitive to the weather. On bright, sunny days some of them will make a pathetic effort at playfulness, but

the effort is exhausting, and they soon subside.

A slight cold frequently yields to treatment, the remedies employed being the cough syrups given usually to children. Strips of flannel are tied around sore throats, and porous plasters are used with good effect.

On the occasion of the artist's visit to the hospital one of the monkeys, having felt the beneficial effects of a dose of medicine, and having evolved from his inner consciousness a belief that "a good tale bears telling twice," had reached through the bars and possessed himself of the bottle, which the keeper had inadvertently left on a stool, and promptly drank the entire contents. The result was that a very sick monkey soon curled up in a corner.

Rheumatism in various forms also attacks the monkeys, and for this affliction liniments and flannel bandages are used. "Once lung trouble seizes the monks," said Keeper Nolan, "there is no hope for them. They pick up a little and become convalescent, but soon relapse and waste away."

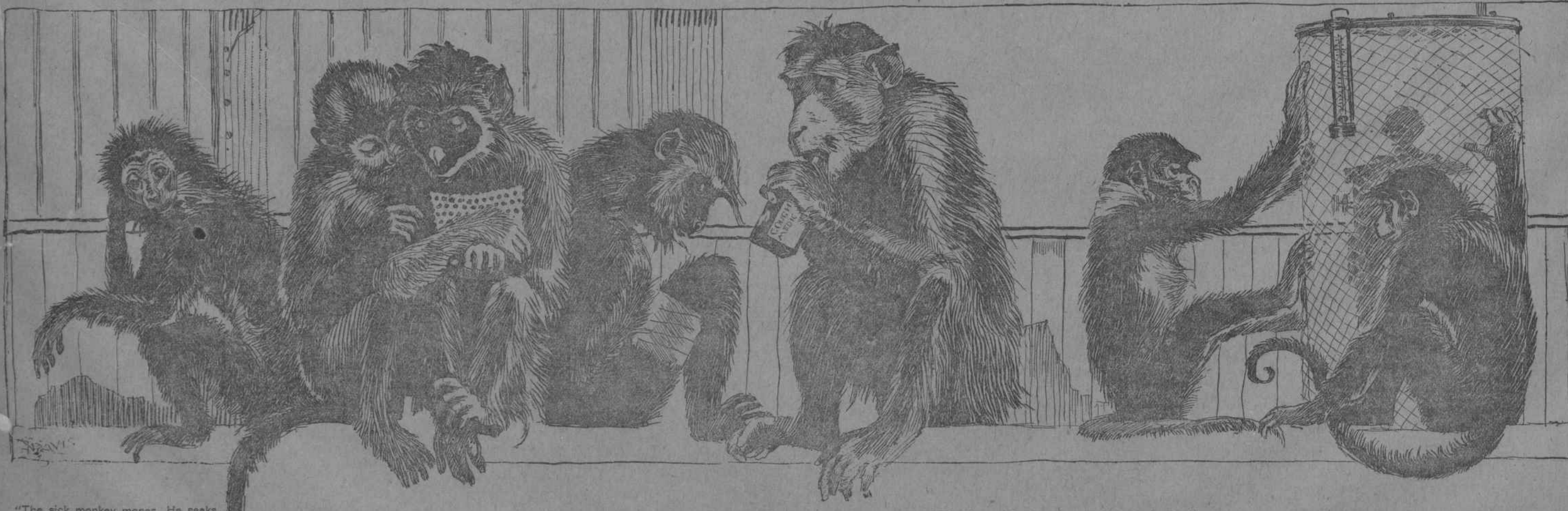
The monkey is generally misunderstood, a high authority on natural history tells us. He is apt, malicious and altogether exempt from those amiable qualities which have so greatly endeared the dog to the human race.

This is a great mistake. No animal is more gentle, tender, affectionate and devoted than the monkey, by which term is not included the gorilla, baboon, ape and other large species. Even some of these are very pleasant and companionable. The monkey may be frivolous, but he is always kindly. Only when ill-treated or frightened does he become vicious.

The affection of one monkey for members of his family is truly touching. This is not confined to the mother and her infant offspring, as among most animals, but extends to all members of a family and even to those unrelated by blood.

It is this affection which makes the monkey hospital a very interesting scene. The poor animals are so good to one another. You will see one consumptive chimpanzee put his arm round a companion in the last stages of the disease and hold him tight, as if to keep him as long as possible from the clutches of the cold tyrant, Death, who will seize both of them before many months are past.

The sick monkey looks sadly, tearfully, but not angrily, at his human visitor. He knows full well that man has taken him from his sunny native clime, but does not accuse him of malicious intent. Once he played all day in the branches of the trees, and made faces at all the other inhabitants of the forest. Now he has been brought here to die in prison.



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## Sketches from Life in the Monkey Hospital in Central Park.

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